

Cumora's Southern Messenger



VOL. 16 No. 11
NOVEMBER, 1942

Registered at G.P.O. as a
Newspaper

EDITORIAL—

WHOM THE LORD HAS CHOSEN TO HONOUR

J. REUBEN CLARK, Jr., First Counsellor in the First Presidency

FOR much of the time during the last nine years I have been with President Grant every day, and for very many of those days I have been in consultation with him a most hourly. The matters discussed with him have covered the whole range of human activities, social, civic, financial, and religious; they have concerned the whole field of national and international relations, for the Church is worldwide in its interests, power and influence.

I have been with him when his burdens were back-breaking. I have seen him radiant with joy and downcast with the shadow of sorrow. I have seen him enspirited when all seemed well, and unafraid and confident when the clouds were dark. But through the years, I have never seen one thought of self or self-interest enter into any deliberation he had, any decision he made, or any action he took, affecting the Church, or its welfare, or the welfare of the people.

He has always been open and frank in his dealings; he has not disssembled; he has been loyal to his brethren; he has always sought and taken counsel; he has been patient and charitable; he has calmly endured slight when others would have held resentment; he has had a clear head and a far-seeing eye for the upbuilding of the Church; he has been prodigal in his generosity with his own funds, but he has guarded the spending of Church money with a zealous eye; he has been financially, morally, intellectually, and spiritually honest; he has over the many years of his long life worked day and night—sloth and idleness have been utter strangers to him; he has kept the commandments of the Lord; he has had great faith; he has been a servant of the Lord, and the Lord has honoured and respected him and magnified him in the exalted place of power and responsibility to which He called him. May the Lord bless and prosper him in his great calling of Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, these yet many years to come.

PRESIDENT GRANT—THE BENEFACTOR

DAVID O. McKAY, Second Counsellor in the First Presidency

TO-DAY at four score years and six President Grant, standing on a glorious eminence of achievement, can, it seems to me, look back upon a life of service to his fellowmen with supreme satisfaction. Through righteous endeavour, honesty of purpose, fair dealing in his business relations, and faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, he has enriched his soul with the qualities of true manhood.

He has not only rendered service at every opportunity, but sought opportunity to make others happy. By keen insight, self-denial, lavish expenditure of time and means, he has

on more than one occasion, quietly and unostentatiously, protected the good name of his associates; lifted mortgages from homes of widows; paid expenses of missionaries; given employment to the unemployed; and rendered help and succour wherever needed. No mind is more eager to bless, and when you get to know him, no heart more tender, no hand more generous than President Grant's. The beautiful encomium paid by Peter to the Saviour may very aptly be applied to our beloved President—"He went about doing good."

Go bless him with continued improvement in health, with contentment and peace!

Cumorah's Southern Messenger

Published Monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Main and Grove Roads, Mowbray, C.P., South Africa. Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Subscription 3/- per year.

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Editor: RICHARD E. FOLLAND.

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COVER.

A recent portrait bust of President Heber J. Grant by Avard Fairbanks.

November 22nd will be the 86th birthday anniversary of our beloved President Heber J. Grant. We in the South African Mission join with the thousands of other saints and friends in extending our very best wishes for continued improvement in health and many more useful years in leading the Lord's work.

THE PRESIDENT

AS SEEN BY HIS

SECRETARY

By JOSEPH ANDERSON, Secretary to President Grant

ON the 21st of November, 1921, President Grant delivered an address in the Assembly Hall to the students of the Latter-day Saints University. He told of his experiences in overcoming obstacles and of his accomplishments through perseverance. To me this was an eventful day, for the reason that it was the first of the President's speeches that, at his invitation, I had attempted to report. Upon my success that day depended very greatly the answer to my application for employment with the President of the Church. I shall always believe that he made it a special point to speak with the utmost rapidity on that occasion. Of one thing I am certain—it was with great difficulty that I followed him. On many occasions since, I have had opportunity to learn just how fast President Grant can really talk.

That experience stands out vividly in my mind because it was the beginning of an intimate and enjoyable association with the President that has endured over a period of twenty years. As the years have come and gone, my admiration and affection for him have continually increased. One could not do otherwise than recognize his many virtues, and we can all profit by the wonderful example he has set us. We should not seek for perfection in men—no one is perfect; but no one who has become intimately acquainted with President Grant can fail to recognize in him the fundamental human virtues of courage, loyalty, perseverance, generosity, initiative, faith, and hard work.

All his life he has been an indomitable worker. He has never felt that work hurt anyone. I am convinced that one of the qualities most responsible for his prodigious achievements is his love of work. Illustrative of his zest for work is the fact that in his young manhood he toiled until the late hours of the night and the early hours of the

morning, devoting his dynamic energy to the tasks assigned to him and to those which he himself assumed. Surely hard work in his youth and young manhood was one of the great foundation stones upon which he built the enduring structure of the successful man.

During the years that I have known him that same "drive" has continued. Thousands of members of the Church and friends outside the Church, in the business world, have received from him letters—long letters—dictated to the dictaphone late at night or in the early hours of the morning when he could not sleep. Many a time when on the train, going East or going West, or perhaps while in a hotel room when away from home, early in the morning, before the usual hours of activity for most of us, he would get busy taking care of matters that needed attention, or perhaps sending a word of comfort or cheer to someone whose heart was aching because of a tragic or distressing experience. Even when travelling by automobile to attend a conference in some distant stake, he has been known to open his briefcase and answer correspondence or give instruction as to how certain matters should be disposed of. Not infrequently he has remarked that he has never been able to catch up with his work. This he can never accomplish for the reason that he is always thinking of the things to do to add to the happiness of others.

Nor does the situation change greatly when he is confined to his home on account of illness. It is not unusual for him to take care of more work when he is ill than otherwise—this, of course, being due largely to the fact that he is free from frequent interruption.

More than a year and a half ago the President became seriously ill while in Los Angeles, and on the advice of his physicians

was taken to the hospital. He was in a critical condition. Friends sent flowers to cheer him and to brighten his room; others sent letters of encouragement. President Grant, though almost too sick to talk, insisted that letters of thanks and appreciation be written to these friends, and these letters he could not be dissuaded from signing personally, though unable to sit up in his bed, and it was with much difficulty that he could sign his name.

Numerous good books—yes, without doubt more than 200,000 books and booklets—have been distributed by him to friends, in the Church and out, in most of which he has with his pen inscribed a friendly or affectionate greeting. These he has distributed for the benefit and blessing of the recipients. Thousands have been influenced to righteous living and noble thinking by the message of the volumes he has given, and other thousands have been comforted in time of trial by reading his recital of his own experiences on similar occasions.

When the President goes to New York, he has no difficulty whatever in finding his way about in the confusing streets of lower Manhattan, where the great financial and industrial institutions of the nation have their headquarters. The chief executives of these institutions, financial wizards, so to speak, are his personal friends, and they welcome him warmly when he enters their offices. Their doors are never closed to President Grant. They seem to be delighted to entertain him at lunch, and listen with rapt attention as he relates the thrilling and unusual experiences of his life. Into these experiences are very frequently woven incidents of a faith-promoting nature, the struggle of the Saints, the accomplishments of the Church, and the faith of the people. These hard-headed business men, men who in their every-day life and also in their social contacts, are accustomed to encounter attempts at deception, perversions of fact, and evasions of truth, find in President Grant, and greatly admire him for it, a man of simple faith, one whose word can be relied upon implicitly, a man who is willing to tell in detail the intimate facts of his life, not given to exaggeration, not withholding that which the most curious might wish to know. A distinguishing feature of his character is

his frankness. He is honest in his faith and testimony; he never deceives, nor has he any desire to do so.

He is truly the greatest ambassador of friendship and good will to the professional and business man that the Church has ever had. No one can begin to estimate the amount of good he has done for the Church in the matter of allaying prejudice in the minds of influential people.

Whether in the presence of the chairman of the board of a three billion dollar banking institution, the president of a great railroad or insurance company, the head of a noted institution of learning, or whether in the home of the lowliest wage earner or tiller of the soil, President Grant is at perfect ease, and can be counted on to lead the conversation. In the home of the humblest he is as welcome and happy as in the mansion of the wealthy. Bread and milk and the simplest fare when offered to him in the homes of the Saints (although they usually give him the best that the land affords) are more gratefully received and more highly appreciated than are the richest delicacies and the choicest foods that the famous chefs of great hosteleries can prepare. The privilege to partake of the hospitality of true Latter-day Saints, to relate to them the goodness of the Lord to him, and to join with them in prayer in the family circle never becomes tedious or monotonous to President Grant.

President Grant will always be remembered for his fervent, sincere, and fearless testimony. In President Grant's mind doubt does not exist regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged, and that he is indeed God's chosen representative in the position he now occupies. In his childlike faith he has approached his Father, and his prayers have been answered in a marvellous way; the Lord has talked to him through the revelations of His Spirit and vouchsafed unto him the guidance he has needed. At home and abroad, on land and on the sea, wherever his travels have taken him, fervently has he borne testimony to the truth of the restored Gospel; hundreds of thousands have been stimulated to righteous living and strengthened in their faith as they

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PILGRIMAGE

A TRUE STORY HEARD UPON
THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY

By **BETTY NOBLE**

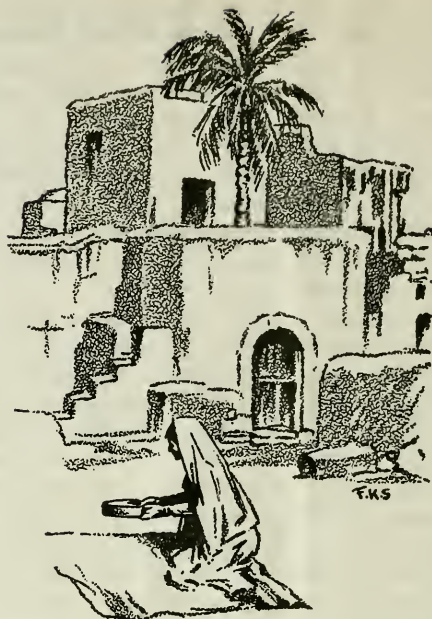
Miss Betty Noble, a member of the Church, converted in Great Britain, who has since become an American citizen, here recalls an incident that occurred 12 years ago, the reading of which will give every man cause to pause and ponder.

ON April 6, 1930, I was travelling on board the S.S. *Mariette* en route to Marseillse, France, from Alexandria, returning from a tour through the Holy Land. This journey was the most perfect experience of my life—not a flaw to mar the sanctity of what seemed like a pilgrimage and not a cloud in the sky from time of setting sail to arriving again in Paris, whence I had started thirty-three days before.

I had expected to take the journey alone, but found two parties of English and Scotch people, also several independent travellers on board, all on the same errand as I. The rest of the passengers were bound for points as numerous and varied as the variety of their nationalities and races. I was the only American and, needless to state, the only Latter-day Saint on board.

Finding that I was travelling alone, people were exceedingly kind. Placed opposite me at table were two of the finest men that it has ever been my privilege to meet—a Scotch clergyman from Glasgow, who had his M.A. from Cambridge University; and his cousin, a Colonel of the Royal Engineers, who had spent many years in the East India Service of the British Army. He was a most modest man, but the minister informed me that the Colonel had taken the highest honours among the young officers when he finished his training at military school. Also, during the World War, he had three times been awarded the D.S.O. for special service rendered.

We were all of different persuasions



religiously, yet seemed to be in harmony in ideals and purpose, for none smoked or drank and I extended this abstinence to include tea and coffee. This fact called forth comments and questions which of course gave rise to frequent discussions, and on one occasion I made the statement that in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, we claimed to have the gifts exactly as they existed in the early Church. As one example I cited the case of my own mother's healing at baptism from a chronic heart trouble.

The Colonel said, "Oh! I agree with you entirely; I am sure the day of miracles is not past; sometime, if you would care to hear it, I would like to tell you an experience of my own."

From day to day the tour increased in interest and solemnity, reaching the climax when we stood in silence within the sacred tomb in the beautiful garden of "Gordon's Calvary." A few days more of travel, and then we embarked to return from Alexandria, and April 6th found us peacefully sailing on the beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea.

This was a significant day for all Latter-day Saints and, although I was far from the scene of the celebration of the Centenary, I wanted the day to be different.

So I told my friends that I should not be present at breakfast or lunch, as I wished to fast on the first Sunday of the month, but that I should see them at dinner. They quite understood.

When we had nearly finished dinner I said, "This is a great day in the history of our Church, for in Salt Lake City is being celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the Church." A long conversation ensued and I had the opportunity of explaining many things with regard to our belief.

As we left the table I asked the Colonel if he had anything important to do. He replied, "No; is there something you wish me to do?" I said, "Yes; will you please tell me your experience?" We sat out on deck in the warm spring air and he began:

"Most of my life I had very little regard for religion; I was in the Army and God did not fit in with my mode of life; in fact, the very mention of sacred things was most irksome to me.

"On my visits home, my father would engage me in conversation regarding my spiritual welfare and beg of me to consider these things seriously. This irritated me, but my father loved me, and never at any time did he show either anger or impatience with any of my waywardness.

"The day came when I was called home as my beloved father lay on his death-bed, and, taking my hand in his, with a gentle, loving smile he once more asked me to think on the things which were so dear to his own heart.

"After his death I resolved to live absolutely as my father had desired and so I began by renouncing first one habit and then another, attended church regularly, donated liberally to all worthy causes, and tried, in every way I knew, to follow my father's injunctions and to please the Lord, my God.

"At this time I had a small farm down in Kent, and one day while staying there I sat in my library and taking up the Bible I began to read the passages which portrayed the Christian life. Then I started to check up, asking myself if I measured up to all the various requirements, so anxious was I to make a complete surrender to my Heavenly Father's will.

"I finally concluded that I was living a true Christian life, and, thinking aloud I said, 'Yes, I am now doing *everything* that is right in the sight of God,' when, out of the silence of the room a voice said, 'How about smoking; is that right?' I turned hastily, and replied, 'Of course it is right; there is nothing wrong with that; everybody smokes. The voice spoke again, 'Is that right? Is smoking right?'

"I became weak from the experience and tried to shake off the impression, but it was impossible. At last, unable to do anything or think of anything else, I decided to abandon this habit too.

"I was an inveterate smoker, bought my cigarettes by the thousand, kept a number of pipes and a large supply of tobacco always on hand in convenient places in the house, for I smoked everywhere and all the time.

"I now took a strong-box and placed in it all the things pertaining to smoking, leaving nothing out to remind me. Locking the box, I carried it upstairs and placed it on a top shelf in the farthest corner of the attic and said to myself, 'Now I have given up smoking, and I believe I have done all that the Lord requires of me.'

"But, carrying my smoking outfit to the attic did not affect my life-long habit, for the cravings for the weed began immediately and increased as the day wore on. I went to bed, but sleep was impossible; in the morning I was almost ill, but determined to carry out my resolution. As the new day continued, my condition became worse and worse until I was nearly mad with the longing to smoke; and finally, when I could bear it no longer, I went back to the attic, brought down my box, and once more placed it on the table in the library and opened it. When I looked at the contents a wave of shame came over me at my failure to carry out my purpose, and, falling on my knees by a chair, I cried, 'Oh God, if You want me to do this thing, You've got to help me; I cannot do it alone.'

"When I arose from my knees the desire was gone, and never from that day have I smoked or even wished to smoke."

Five years after this occurrence, the Colonel retired from the army and since that

(Continued on page 180.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL SACRAMENT GEM AND CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR NOV., 1942

SACRAMENT GEM.

May we forever think of Thee,
And of Thy sufferings sore,
Endured for us on Calvary,
And praise Thee evermore.

GOSPEL DOCTRINE.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

Matthew, Chapter 24, verse 42.

GOSPEL MESSAGE.

"That by him and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

Doctrine and Covenants, Section 76, verse 24.

SENIORS.

"... faith is not to have a perfect knowledge of things; therefore if ye have faith ye hope for things which are not seen, which are true."—Alma, Chapter 32, verse 21.

JUNIORS.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

Proverbs 28, verse 1.

INTERMEDIATE CLASSES.

"By small means the Lord can bring about great things."

1 Nephi, Chapter 16, verse 29.

PRIMARY.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will forgive you."

Matthew, Chapter 6, verse 14.

KINDERGARTEN.

"Errands of love are easy to run.
Saying sweet words is the dearest fun.
Let's see, you and I, just for to-day,
How many kind things we can do and say."

BRANCH TEACHERS' MESSAGE FOR NOVEMBER, 1942

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH

MORMONISM is a practical religion. It concerns itself with the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the members of the Church. In this it is in full accord with the teachings of the Church in all dispensations and with the revelations given in these last days.

The care of our bodies—the preservation of health—has been enjoined upon us frequently by the Lord through revelation and by his servants, our Church leaders, in current teachings. Not only in the Word of Wisdom, but in other revelations, are we urged to preserve with jealous care the temples of our souls.

Our bodies are really the only things we actually possess. All of our worldly belongings will be left behind forever when we leave this world. But our bodies, resurrected and purified, are to be ours eternally. Should we not, then, guard and preserve them from defilement, from pollution, from the things that bring weakness, illness, suffering and untimely death?

The Word of Wisdom, important as it is—and certainly every true Latter-day Saint will observe it faithfully—is only a part of the great law of health. It deals with food and drink, the internal phases of health. But there is more to health than what we eat and drink. Much the sickness, suffering and death among us come from other causes.

Cleanliness, sanitation, purity of life, proper rest, refraining from excessive fatigue or any form of dissipation, freedom from worry, caution in auto driving, and in handling other mechanical devices are all related to the preservation of health and the enjoyment of life.

Our bodies, our health, our lives are precious. We should guard and preserve them in every possible way.

“THERE ARE NO ATHEISTS IN FOX HOLES”

By B. S. HINCKLEY

WHEN Lieutenant Colonel Clear told how he and his comrades prayed in Bataan he said, “There are no atheists in fox holes.” That was a crucial hour for those men—a good test of what was deep in their hearts. And so long as this faith is in all our hearts, we are safe. If we lose our inherited faith, if we forsake our moral standards, if we forget our dependence upon our Creator, we will decline. We will defeat Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito, but if we

forget God and depart from His ways, if we indulge in the fantasy that a nation can be fed by gambling on the stock exchange, if we allow self-indulgence to take the place of self-discipline and sacrifice, we are foredoomed.

“Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry.” Have faith and back that faith with hard endeavour. Then victory will come and democracy will live.

MANY ROADS TO HEAVEN?

"It doesn't make any difference what church you belong to. Getting to heaven is like going to the city of London. There are a great many different roads. It doesn't matter which one you take."

EVERY one of the thousands of missionaries who have been sent out by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, have often heard this explanation urged as an excuse for failing to investigate the restored Gospel. Is this oft repeated illustration of the many roads to heaven really based upon the true principles involved in the attainment of "heaven"? What do those who use this figure of speech mean by "getting to heaven"? Undoubtedly they mean obtaining salvation. But the matter of being saved is not essentially a geographical question. Salvation is not obtained by going from one place to another. It is obtained only by turning from one condition of life to another. It comes through getting out of an unsaved condition into a saved condition. There is absolutely no escape from this conclusion.

Tell one of these believers in the free and easy way of getting to heaven—"There are a dozen ways of producing apples." What will he say? Will he not say, with impatience, "Foolishness! There is only one way to produce apples. You must plant an apple tree and cultivate it. There is absolutely no other way."

Suppose we assume that "getting to heaven" does in a sense mean getting to a certain place. What then? What of the worthiness of those who get to that place? The illustration of the "many roads" has not the slightest hint in it concerning the moral condition of those who get to the city, along the "many different roads." And yet every thinking person knows that when you get to the Holy City, the keeper of the gate will not ask: "Where did you come from?" He will ask the more important questions, "Who are you? What are you? Are you worthy of eternal glory?"

Take another view of salvation. Perfect freedom is perfect salvation. This idea is found in a number of Bible texts. But how comes this freedom of the heart and mind? Mark the Master's emphatic words: "The

truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.) Part of the truth cannot make anyone free. It takes the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth to completely free a soul from the bondage of sin.

The Scriptures are replete with passages which emphatically teach that there is only one way to be saved. There is no text in the Bible so familiar as the one about "the strait gate" and "the narrow way." These apt words are of themselves a complete answer to the argument about "the many roads." But there are other texts equally strong. Jesus expressly declared "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John 14:6.) What does it mean to "come to the Father," by the Saviour? Manifestly it means to come to God, by and through the doctrines of the Christ. Paul emphatically declared that there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." (Eph. 4:5.) In his letter to the Galatians he pronounced a "curse" upon those who should "preach any other gospel" than the one he preached. (Gal. 1:8.) He warned the Hebrews "not to be carried about with divers and strange doctrines." (Heb. 13:9.) He beseeched the Romans to shun those who would teach "contrary doctrines." (Rom. 16:17.) The testimony of John the beloved is in exact accord with Paul on the question of the strictness of the Gospel of salvation. In his second letter John emphatically declared that "whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God." —II John 1:9.

There is only one way to be saved. That way is plainly defined in the Scriptures. You must find God through living faith in His Son; you must turn to God by genuine repentance; you must accept the Christ as your Saviour by being baptized in water in His name; you must receive the birth of the Spirit through the laying on of hands. Then you must continue in the truth to the end.

—Missionary Themes.

THE BETTER THE DAY

A SHORT STORY

By GILBERT H. ANDREWS



JOHN CAMPBELL was tidying up his desk preparatory to leaving the schoolhouse on Thursday night when a face framed by neatly waved, blond hair appeared in the doorway.

"Is the esteemed principal of the Central school at leisure?" said a laughing voice.

"He is," exclaimed John, jumping up. "Come in, Gwen. Maybe he can spare you five minutes."

"I was just wondering," the young lady took a seat in front of him, "if you were going to be busy Sunday? We're planning a hike up Mount Call. That is, we're going to take cars as far as we can and hike the rest of the way to the lookout. We can take lunch at the Ranger's cabin and come back in the evening. Want to come?"

"Say, that sounds swell—but—"

"Buts, eh? Of course if you've got another date. We just thought you might like to go." She half rose from her seat.

"Sit down, sit down," ordered John. "It isn't another engagement I assure you, but I was just thinking that it was Sunday, and—"

"Of course it is, silly. That's the reason we're going. Any other time some of the crowd will be busy. Besides, what'll we do if we don't go on hikes or somewhere else?"

"Well, there's Sunday School and meeting," said John. Somehow he laughed half apologetically as he said it.

"Oh, oh! A close relative of Samuel and Daniel I take it?" teased the charming girl before him. "We can go to church any time, John. When it's cold, for instance. Besides, none of the crowd go to church when it's hot, unless they haven't anywhere else to go."

John didn't answer. He had vivid memories of parents frowning on Sunday Easter hikes and Sunday swimming parties. And he had delivered several sermons on the subject himself as a missionary.

But after all, this new life was different. He must be friendly with everyone. And then there was this young lady and the rest of her crowd who had welcomed him as one of them the day he arrived in town. He did owe something to these young folk.

"O.K." said John. "I'll go, and thanks a lot for inviting me."

"Don't forget to bring your kodak," she called back. "There are some swell views. I'll bring lunch for both of us."

John locked the schoolhouse and started down the street toward his boarding-house. There was that Sunday School class the superintendent had given him when he first came. He'd been trying to encourage some negligent ones to come out. He felt he'd really accomplished something the last few Sundays. At least three of the boys had told him how they had liked his lesson last week. He'd have to get someone else to take his class for just this one time. Maybe one of the other teachers would. There was the widow who taught the fourth and fifth grades. She wouldn't be going anywhere. She had two children.

It was a happy, carefree crowd that called for John Sunday morning just before ten. He tried not to notice the people gathering in front of the ward chapel as they drove by. He did see some of the boys in his Sunday School class frolicking on the lawn.

Well, they would be in good hands. Mrs. Pierce was a fine teacher.

Chatting gaily, singing snatches of popular songs, the crowd was soon at the point where they parked the two cars and started up the steep trail on foot. An hour later they sat down to rest and to admire the beautiful mountain lake surrounded by great pines. Its clear waters reflected the overhead sun and the surrounding trees.

"Wish you'd gone to Sunday School?" Gwen, who was sitting by John said, as she laid a hand on his arm.

"I should say not," he exclaimed, but to him it seemed that his voice did not carry conviction. "I'm having the time of my life."

"You're pretty quiet about it all," she said. He made no reply. When they started on up the trail, he tried hard to be more jolly, laughing and talking with the rest.

"That's better," she said later when they were alone together a moment.

It was just noon when they reached the ranger's cabin and the lookout tower that was even higher than the surrounding trees.

They were all too tired and hungry to do anything but go directly to the cabin where the man in charge made them welcome.

But after lunch, in groups of two and more, they climbed the sixty-foot tower to enjoy the view of the surrounding country. They took pictures of each other on the tower, of different places, and of the cabin. Some tried to get pictures of the little town far away below in the valley. And thus the day passed—but somehow John felt relieved when they started home.

"Hello, Mr. Campbell."

John turned to see Harry Layton, one of his Sunday School boys, standing just beyond the fence.

"Hello, Harry. How did Sunday School go this morning?" he felt compelled to ask.

"Not so hot," replied the boy.

"Well, I'll be back next Sunday and—"

"Us fellers wont be there next Sunday. We're gonna take a hike up Mount Call."

John was glad that the dusk hid the expression on his face.

"Tell you what, Harry." He came closer. "To-morrow after school let's plan some sort of a hike for the whole room next

Saturday. We can go up the mountain if you wish. I'd like to have you fellows at Sunday School next time because I've got something special planned for you."

From *The Improvement Era*.

The President As Seen By His Secretary.—From page 169.

have listened to his clear and forceful voice declaring:

I know as I know that I live, that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, that the Gospel commonly called Mormonism is in very deed the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, with every gift, grace, power, and blessing that was enjoyed in the former days.

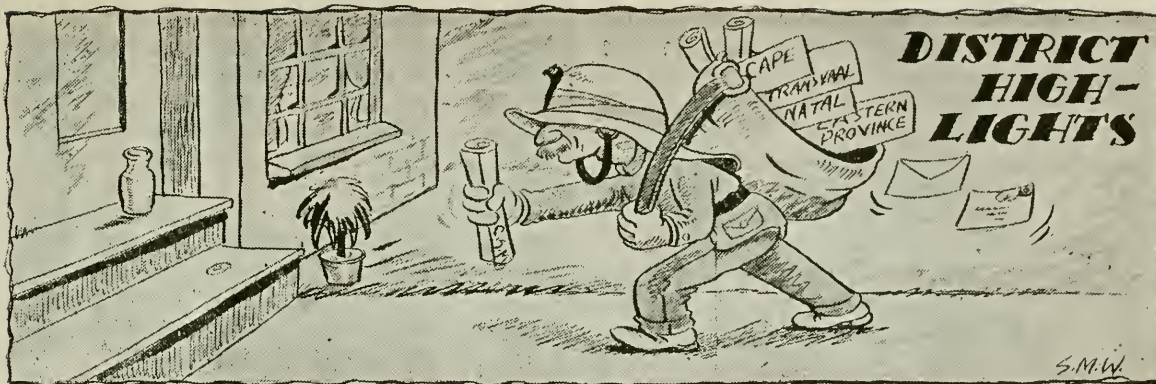
President Grant has not attained to the position he now occupies, and which he has held for the past twenty-three years, merely by accident or birth. In the pre-existent world, when the Lord chose His leaders to send to the earth during the various dispensations of His providence, Heber J. Grant undoubtedly had shown traits of character and qualifications that would fit him for the work that was to be entrusted to his care in this generation of time. His penchant for work has developed the latent powers within him. His faith in God and simplicity of character have enabled him to obtain from divine sources the inspiration to lead his people and to direct his own course in right channels. He is a true servant of God, wholly worthy of the position he occupies. Certainly he whom the Lord has honoured and so greatly magnified has earned the love and respect of the Saints, for whose welfare and blessing he earnestly strives and devoutly prays—and of sincere lovers of truth everywhere.

From *The Improvement Era*.

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"I do the very best I know how—the very best I can—and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

(Abraham Lincoln.)



President Richard E. Folland visited all of the Branches of the Mission during the month of October. Conferences were held in all organized branches, these meetings were well attended. The work of the Lord continues to go forward. Many of the faithful ones are devoting long hours to assist in furthering the work. President Folland extends his sincere thanks to all members and friends who were so kind and considerate to him during his visits.

Brother and Sister Otto Doller have now returned to their home in Port Elizabeth, after a brief transfer to Mossel Bay.

Brother and Sister C. B. Spear, of Bloemfontein, spent the first half of October vacationing at Port Alfred.

Brother Arthur Fagan, of Durban, made an unsuccessful but every creditable showing in the Durban Municipal elections. Better luck next time.

A real Latter-day Saint is Sister Hancock, of Durban. She is always busy assisting someone in need. She nurses, sews, mends and donates her blood, always making some contribution.

Sister Gladys Sweeney, of Durban, has now passed her requirements and is a full-time nurse at one of the hospitals.

All friends of Dan Wanberg, will be pleased to learn of his continued improvement. Dan is to spend the summer months in the lovely climate of the Cape.

Sergt.-Major Peter Gilmour was a welcomed visitor during the past month at Johannesburg and Durban Branches.

We extend our sympathy to Sister Muriel Barnes, of the "Ramah" Branch on the occasion of her father's death.

The Cape welcomed Brother George C.

Ganter, of Johannesburg, and Staff-Sergt. Dick Jakins, stationed at Oudtshoorn.

We congratulate brother and Sister Eddie Orton, of Northern Rhodesia, on the arrival of their "blessed event."

Corp. Jack Seager called at "Cumorah," on leave from Roberts Heights.

The Cape members welcome the transfer of Sister Eileen Jakins from Oudtshoorn. Dick and Eileen's two children are now living with Brother and Sister Eric Jakins at Eerste River.

Evidently trying to get accustomed to our future mode of transportation, Sister Len. Taylor's daughter Iris, of Sea Point, had a nasty fall from a bicycle and is suffering from painful injuries.

A familiar face which is always conspicuous when absent from services at "Cumorah" belongs to Brother Thomas Wilson. His many friends were shocked to to learn that he was confined to his home, but happy to be advised that he was recovering from his brief illness.

"Ramah" Relief Society will hold a dinner and entertainment on the 6th of November in place of their usual bazaar. From the evidence of the advance sale of tickets this dinner promises to be a huge success.

"Cumorah" Relief Society assures us that their "event of the year" will be a success. All of the members of this organization have been working hard for several months for their bazaar on the 7th of November.

Friends of Sister E. Sprungmann, of Cape, express their best wishes to her. She is resting up at the Eaton Home in anticipation of a necessary operation.

We are always proud to learn of our boys discharging their duties honourably. We read, with pride, of the tribute to Brother Frank A. Smith, son of Brother and Sister Frank E. Smith and brother of "Bobby," by the Goodwood Municipal Council. Young Brother Frank, serving with the forces up North, was wounded during recent engagements in the Western Desert, but remained at his post. He is serving with the Signallers. Frank and Bobby are two of four sons of Brother and Sister Smith, now on active duty up North.

Sister E. Maud Jubber and daughter, Stella, expect to spend their holiday at the Cape during November.

Sister Kay Evans, daughter of District President and Sister J. G. Evans, of Johannesburg, also expects to spend a few days visiting the Cape during November.

Sister Joan Wilson, formerly of the Cape, now of Johannesburg, is visiting with her parents, Brother and Sister Thomas Y. Wilson, at Pinelands.

North-Western Branch of the Transvaal District reports that Sister Maria M. Joubert is now recovering from a serious illness, and that Sister Anna C. Brummer has been taken to the hospital for an operation. We trust that she will soon be well.

Branch President Wm. H. Brummer, of the Transvaal, blessed the infant son of Brother and Sister Johannes J. van Staden on the 27th of September.

Our sincere sympathies go out to our far away members in Southern Rhodesia. Our young brother Joseph Jubber reports that "Brother Walter T. Jubber, of 'Fern-creek Farm,' Shangani, passed away on the 14th of October, 1942, after a long period of severe suffering; the suffering was caused through cancer of the stomach." Brother Walter T. Jubber was born on the 6th September, 1881, and was baptized on the 21st of December, 1912.

Brother Johaan Stemmet, his wife and daughter, of Robertson, expect to make Springs their home in the near future. The Springs Branch will welcome these additional members.

Sergt. John Sharland visited his parents at the Cape during October.

Keeping fit is a patriotic duty these days, if not at all times. Many of the young

people at "Cumorah," sponsored by Brother Arthur Gilbertson, are now spending one night a week at physical training. "Bunny" Marks, the well-known Rhodesian wrestler, is showing his interest by contributing his time and energy to this worthy work, as the instructor.

Our Genealogical Supervisor, Sister Madge Halse, is now recovering from her recent illness.

Sister Amy Wakeford, of Eerste River, has been troubled considerably with her eyes. We trust that she will soon recover.

We are happy to learn that our Harry Spear has been awarded the Military Medal. Your read of his heroic escape and daring deeds up North in this magazine a few months ago. Congratulations, Harry.

We have just received a letter from President and Sister L. P. Backman. They wish to be remembered to you all and especially to those parents who have lost sons while in the service. They also advise us that they are now grandparents; son Robert is married and they have a lovely daughter. Our hearty congratulations to the parents and the grandparents.

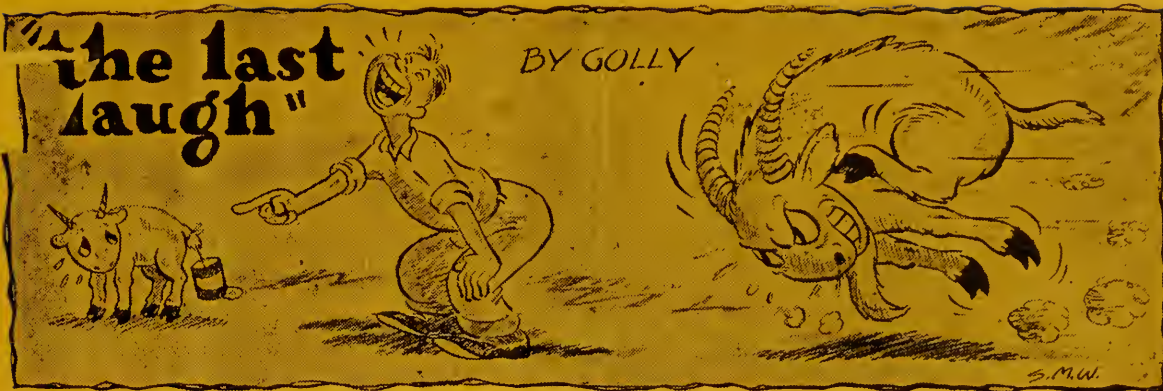
Sister Muriel Seeman, who has been ill for quite a long time in Johannesburg, is now regaining her health while visiting with her mother in Cape Town.

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"CARRY ON"

By HANNAH C. ASHBY

IF trials of life should come your way,
 Still bravely carry on.
 The darkest hour has always been
 The one before the dawn.
 If all were sunshine through the year,
 The fragrant flowers would die;
 No greater boon to man can come
 Than rain drops from the sky.
 The trees that grow on wind swept heights
 Have firmer, finer grain.
 The men who strive with all their might
 The nobler goals attain.
 Then be content to carry on
 And grimly face the fight.
 For sin and error fall before
 Defenders of the right.



Early Rising.

Having eaten a cake of yeast—she rose to the occasion.

□ □

Unromantic Mother.

Margie: "Mom, what is a trousseau?"

Mom: "Oh, it's the clothes a bride wears for six or seven years after she's married."

□ □

Wrong Degree.

A young theologian named Fiddle

Refused to accept his degree,

Saying, "It's bad enough to be Fiddle,

"Without being Fiddle, D.D."

□ □

Quiz Time.

Mrs. Smith: "Can you think of anything more embarrassing than to get locked into the bathroom when you have company, and not being able to get out?"

Mrs. Jones: "Yes—not being able to get in."

□ □

No Need To Worry.

A lovely girl with red hair entered the car and sat down beside the youth.

Youth (edging away): "I must not get too close or I shall catch fire."

Girl: "Don't be alarmed; green wood never catches fire."

□ □

Smart.

Teacher: "Why did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?"

Pupil: "Because he didn't believe that story about the stork."

□ □

Irony.

Teacher: "How was iron ore first discovered?"

Jimmy: "I believe they smelt it."

□ □

Horse Play.

"What's Joe like?"

"Oh, he's a big, loose-jointed fel'ow."

"He must have a lot of fun with himself."

"Fun with h'mself? Whv?"

"There's so much play in his joints."

Just a Memory.

Mrs. A.: "I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, it is a lock of my husband's hair."

Mrs. A.: "But your husband is still alive."

Mrs. B.: "Yes, but his hair is gone."

□ □

Wrong Recipe.

Groom: "How did you make this cake, dear?"

Bride: "Here's the recipe. I clipped it from a magazine."

Groom: "Are you sure you read the right side? The other side tells how to make a rock garden."

□ □

Got Him.

A traveller, spinning the yarn as only travellers can, said: "From the boat the river looked alive with gladiators."

A long-suffering listener asked:

"Alive with what?"

"Alive with gladiators."

"My dear chap, alligators is what you mean. Don't you know gladiators are flowers?"

□ □

Unappreciative Advice.

Closeman: "Let me give you a piece of advice."

Jinx: "What's wrong with it?"

□ □

Going! Going!! Gone!!!

Smith: "Those auto engineers are certainly geniuses at making driving easier."

Jones: "How's that?"

Smith: "1940, no running boards; 1941, no gear shift; 1942—no car."

□ □

Got His Wish.

Son: "Dad, what was your great ambition when you were a boy?"

Dad: "To wear long pants. And I've had my wish. If there is anybody else in the country that wears his pants longer than I do, I'd like to see him."

Pilgrimage.—From page 171.

time has devoted his means and energies to the service of mankind. When last I knew of him he was doing a wonderful work in India, building schools, reconstructing churches, and assisting in the work of the Church of England Missionary Society.

From *The Improvement Era*.

"Find the cheerful man, and I will show you a man who will attempt the impossible, and do it; who never knows when he is beaten, and never is; who leads the forlorn hope, till it becomes the foregone success. Such men are the mainsprings of the world's progress."—(Strickland Peatling.)

MISSION PERSONNEL AND ADDRESSES

Mission President—

Richard E. Folland, "Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray, C.P. Phone 6—3334.

Relief Society Supervisor and Women's Auxiliary Advisor—

Josephine H. Folland, "Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray, C.P.

Sunday School Supervisor—

J. Goulden Evans, 14, Juno Street, Kensington, Johannesburg, Transvaal. Phone 24—3094.

Primary Supervisor—

Johanna Fourie, "Fairview," Main Road, Mowbray, C.P. Phone 6—3074.

Genealogical Supervisor—

Madge Halse, "Marcourt," Main Road, Eerste River, C.P.

Y.W.M.I.A. Supervisor—

Golda Evans, 14, Juno Street, Kensington, Johannesburg, Transvaal. Phone 24—3094.

Y.M.M.I.A. Supervisor—

George C. Ganter, 187, Kitchener Avenue, Kensington, Johannesburg, Transvaal. Phone 25—1648.

CAPE DISTRICT:

Mowbray Branch: "Cumorah," Main Road. Capt. Daniel A. Cherrett, President, c/o "St. George's Villa," Forrest Road, Rondebosch. Phone 6—4459.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.

Northern Suburbs Branch: Leslie Halse, Acting President, "Marcourt," Main Road, Eerste River.

SERVICES: Sunday School, 10.0 a.m., "Marcourt," Main Road, Eerste River.

Sunday School, 10.0 a.m., and 7.0 p.m., 19, Saldanha Road, Epping Garden Village.

TRANSVAAL DISTRICT:

J. Goulden Evans, President, 14, Juno Street, Kensington, Johannesburg. Phone 24—3094.

Ramah Branch: 395, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg. Norman G. Muir, President, 11, Johannes Street, Troyeville, Johannesburg.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Liahona Branch: Ariel T. Smith, President, 61, Victoria Street, Rosettenville Johannesburg. Phone 32—4461.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m., Kenilworth Hall, Fraser Street, and 7.30 p.m., 20, Petunia Street, Rosettenville.

Springs Branch: Tuffnell Studios, 2nd Avenue, Springs. I. C. Louw, President, 8, McCann Avenue, Selection Park, Springs.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

North-Western Branch: William H. Brummer, President, 37, Alberts Road, Newlands, Johannesburg. Phone 35—9464.

Pretoria Branch: Irene Lane, Supervisor, 101, Esselen Street, Sunnyside.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., No. 19, Trysa Buildings, Andries Street.

NATAL DISTRICT:

Durban Branch: 7, Buchanan Building, West and Russel Streets. John Moore, President, 11, Carters Avenue.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m.

EASTERN PROVINCE DISTRICT:

Port Elizabeth Branch: Foresters' Hall, Palm Street. Robert J. Doller, President, 24, Railway Cottage, off Forest Hill Road.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 6 p.m.

East London Branch: B. A. T. Jubber, President, 5, Nahoon View Road.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 97, Vincent Road, Vincent.

BLOEMFONTEIN BRANCH:

C. B. Spear, President, P.O. Box 50.